



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>















"The great house crowded full of guests."

# HANNAH JANE

BY

DAVID ROSS LOCKE  
(PETROLEUM V. NASBY)

*ILLUSTRATED*

BOSTON  
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS  
NEW YORK CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM

GRAD/BUHR

PS

2248

.L8

H36

1881

COPYRIGHT, 1881,  
BY LEE AND SHEPARD.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: JOHN WILSON & SON,  
CAMBRIDGE.

BUAR/GRAD  
Gift  
04/26/05

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Designed by

*S. G. McCUTCHEON and E. H. GARRETT.*

Arranged and Engraved

*By GEORGE T. ANDREW.*

---

	PAGE
"The great house crowded full of guests" . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
"At her old home in Piketon" . . . . .	7
"Her fingers then were taper and her skin as white as milk" . . . . .	9
"I was but little better. True, I'd longer been at school" . . . . .	11
"Her form is thin and angular" . . . . .	13
"And everywhere I hold my place among the greatest men" . . . . .	15
"When they all crowd around me, stately dames and brilliant belles" . . . . .	17
"I can't forget—just at this point another form appears" . . . . .	19
"An office with a stove and desk, and books perhaps a score" . . . . .	20
"I well remember, when my coat (the only one I had)" . . . . .	21
"She made herself most willingly a household drudge and slave" . . . . .	23
"I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame" . . . . .	25
"She made me take the stump each fall" . . . . .	27
"On the bench at thirty-three" . . . . .	29
"First break her heart with cold neglect" . . . . .	30
Tail-piece . . . . .	31





## HANNAH JANE.

SHE isn't half so handsome as when, twenty years agone,  
At her old home in Piketon Parson Avery made us one ;  
The great house crowded full of guests of high and low  
degree,  
The girls all envying Hannah Jane, the boys all envy-  
ing me.

Her fingers then were taper, and her skin was white as  
milk,  
Her brown hair — what a mass it was! and soft and fine  
as silk;  
No wind-moved willow by a brook had ever such a grace:  
The form of Aphrodite, with a pure Madonna face.

She had but meagre schooling: her little notes to me  
Were full of crooked pot-hooks, and the worst orthog-  
raphy.

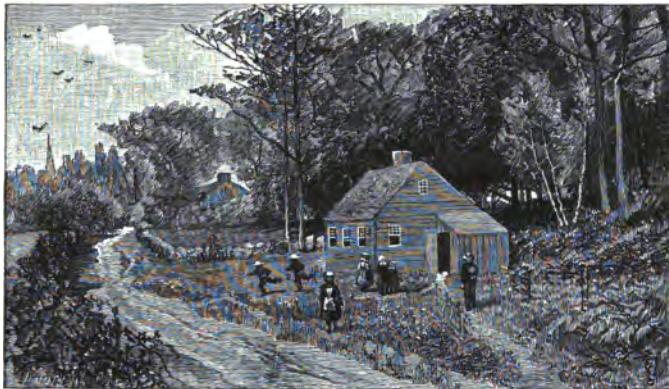
Her “dear” she spelled with double *e*, and “kiss” with  
single *s*;  
But when one’s crazed with passion, what’s a letter more  
or less?





She blundered in her writing, and she blundered when  
she spoke,

And ev'ry rule of syntax that old Murray made she broke;  
But she was fresh and beautiful, and I—well, I was young:  
Her form and face far, far outweighed the blunders of  
her tongue.



I was but little better. True, I'd longer been at school;  
My tongue and pen were run, perhaps, a trifle more by  
rule;

But that was all: the neighbors round, who knew us  
through and through,

Spoke but the truth in calling her the better of the two.

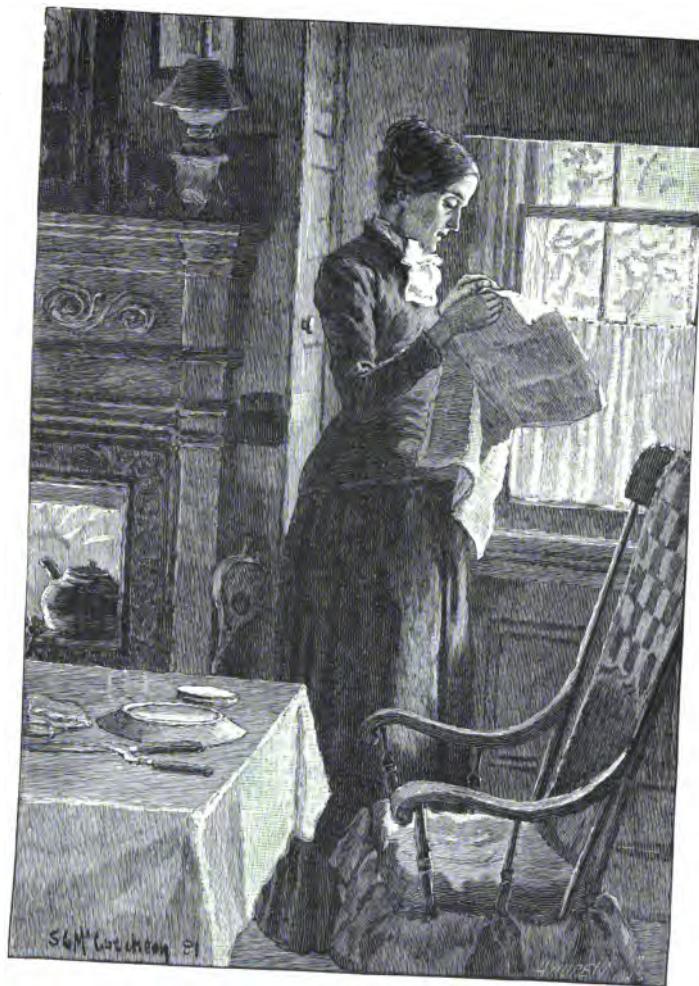
How changed she is! the light of youth has faded from  
her eyes;

Her wavy hair is gone — that loss the coiffeur's art  
supplies;

Her form is thin and angular; she slightly forward bends;  
Her fingers, once so shapely, now are stumpy at the ends.

She has made but little progress, and in little are we one;  
The beauty rare that more than hid that great defect  
is gone.

My well-to-do relations now deride my homely wife,  
And pity me that I am tied to such a clod for life.



Digitized by Google





I know there is a difference ; at reception and levée  
The brightest, wittiest, and most famed of women smile  
on me ;  
And everywhere I hold my place among the greatest men ;  
And sometimes sigh, with Whittier's judge, "Alas ! it  
might have been."

When they all crowd around me, stately dames and  
brilliant belles,  
And yield to me the homage that all great success compels,  
Discussing art and state-craft, and literature as well,  
From Homer down to Thackeray, and Swedenborg on  
“Hell,”

I can't forget that from these streams my wife has never  
quaffed,  
Has never with Ophelia wept, nor with Jack Falstaff  
laughed;  
Of authors, actors, artists — why, she hardly knows the  
names;  
She slept while I was speaking on the *Alabama* claims.







I can't forget — Just at this point another form  
appears, —

The wife I wedded as she was before my prosperous years;  
I travel o'er the dreary road we journeyed side by side,  
And wonder what my share would be if Justice should  
divide.

She had four hundred dollars from her father's old estate;  
On that we two were married, and bravely faced our fate.  
I wrestled with my books; her task was harder far than  
mine —

'Twas to make two hundred dollars do the work for us  
of nine.



At last I was admitted ; then I had my legal lore,  
An office with a stove and desk, and books perhaps a  
score ;

She had her beauty and her youth, and some housewifely  
skill,

And love for me and faith in me, and back of that a will.

I had no friends behind me—no influence to aid ;  
I worked and fought for every precious inch of ground  
I made.

And how she fought beside me ! never woman lived on  
less :

In two long years she never spent a single cent for dress.

Ah! how she cried for joy when my first legal fight was  
won,

When our eclipse passed partly by, and we could see the  
sun!

The fee was fifty dollars — 'twas the work of half a year —  
First captive, lean and scraggy, of my legal bow and spear.

I well remember, when my cat (the only one I had)  
Was seedy grown and threadbare, and, in fact, most  
“shocking bad,”

The tailor’s stern remark when I a modest order made:  
“Cash is the basis, Sir, on which we tailors do our trade.”



Her winter cloak was in his shop by noon that very day ;  
She wrought on hickory shirts at night that tailor's bill  
to pay.

I got a coat, and wore it ; but alas ! poor Hannah Jane,  
Ne'er went to church or lecture till warm weather came  
again.

Our second season she refused a cloak of any sort,  
That I might have a decent suit in which t' appear in  
court ;

She made her last year's bonnet do that I might have  
a hat ;

Talk of the old-time martyrs, flame-enveloped, after that !

No negro ever worked so hard : a servant's pay to save,  
She made herself most willingly a household drudge and  
slave.

What wonder that she never read a magazine or book,  
Combining as she did in one, nurse, housemaid, seamstress  
cook !





What wonder that the beauty fled that once I so adored !  
The rose and lily in her face my kitchen fire devoured ;  
Her plump, soft, rounded arm was once too fair to be  
concealed :  
Hard work for me that softness into sinewy strength  
congealed.



I was her altar, and her love the sacrificial flame ;  
Ah ! with what pure devotion she to that altar came,  
And, tearful, flung thereon — alas ! I did not know it  
then —  
All that she was, and more than that, all that she might  
have been !

At last I won a grand success! our lives then parted wide;  
I swiftly climbed the rising road, she walked not by my  
side.

I'd tried my speed and mettle, gained strength in every  
race;  
Far up the heights of life was I — she drudging at the base.

She made me take the stump each fall; she said 'twas my  
career:

And wild applause of list'ning crowds was music to my  
ear.

What stimulus had she to cheer her dreary solitude?  
For me she lived on gladly in a weary widowhood.

She couldn't hear my maiden speech, but when the press  
agreed

'Twas the best one of the season, those comments she  
could read;

And with a gush of pride thereat, which I had never felt,  
She sent them to me in a note, with half the words  
misspelt.





I to the legislature went, and said that she should go  
To see the busy world with me, and what 'twas doing know.  
With tearful smile she answered, "No! four dollars is  
the pay;  
The Bates House rates for board *for one* is just that  
sum per day."



At twenty-eight the State-house; on the bench at thirty-  
three;  
At forty every gate in life was opened wide to me.  
I nursed my powers, and grew, and made my point; but  
she—  
Bearing such weary pack-horse loads, what could the  
woman be?

What could she be! Oh, shame! I blush to think what  
she has been:  
The most unselfish of all wives to the selfishest of men.  
Yes, plain and homely now she is; she's ignorant, 'tis  
true:  
For me she rubbed herself quite out: I represent the two.



Well, I suppose that I might do as other men have done—  
First break her heart with cold neglect, then shove her  
out alone.  
The world would say 'twas well, and more, would give  
great praise to me  
For having borne with "such a wife" so uncomplainingly.

And shall I? No! The contract 'twixt Hannah, God,  
and me  
Was not for one or twenty years, but for eternity.  
No matter what the world may think; I know down in  
my heart  
If either, I'm delinquent: she has bravely done her part.

There's another world beyond this; and on the final day  
Will intellect and learning against such devotion weigh?  
And when the one made of us two, is torn apart again,  
I'll kick the beam, for God is just, and He knows Hannah  
Jane.







